

## [Carver Hawke, Confirmed Idiot](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

Hawke brings Fenris home for the holidays. Carver can't seem to figure out that yes, Fenris is Hawke's boyfriend, and Fenris thinks Hawke's brother is a colossal idiot.

In any case, he's not sure how to feel about making out in Hawke's childhood bedroom.

## Carver Hawke, Confirmed Idiot

### Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

This is for my good friend Murph, who helped me SO MUCH with the dialogue and characterization, because it's about her Hawke! His first name is Rayner and he's a precious cinnamon roll too flirty for this world.

Anyway, my first serious attempt at Fenhawke, so enjoy!

The first time Fenris met Hawke's family was over fall break, their Junior year of college. Hawke wanted Fenris to come home with him, reassured him that his mom was *super nice* and made the best food, and didn't even care a little bit that her son was dating a man. His only other pieces of advice about the Hawke family were as follows:

“Never tell Bethany she wears too many scarves, talk to Carver about video games or sports and he'll love you forever, and don't wear sweatpants without a drawstring, because Porkchop—“ that's his dog, the one he named when he was twelve, “—likes to pants people.”

So, Fenris brushed up on Kirkwall sports teams, packed as few sweatpants as possible, and made Hawke a playlist for the road trip that was mostly Taylor Swift, Jack Johnson, and Nicki Minaj, and also had enough sappy love songs that Hawke ended up holding Fenris' hand while he drove and kissing him at more than one red light. Once, Hawke kissed him for so long, the person behind them started honking, and at the next light, he did it again, this time, on purpose. Fenris did not feel bad for the people driving behind them.

It was dark when they reached Hawke's house, the sun having set long before Hawke turned the GPS off because he knew where he was going. Fenris was trying his hardest not to fall asleep, because Hawke had driven for the majority of the trip, and driving with a napping co-pilot. There was a

light dusting of snow on the ground, and as Hawke turned down a side street, he dialed the radio down. “We’re here,” he said, pulling into a driveway, and Fenris was suddenly nervous. He knew that if Hawke’s family was anything like his boyfriend, they’d be welcoming and quick to love anyone, but it didn’t help to think of it.

Hawke, sensing this, kissed Fenris on the jaw, and whispered, “stop thinking so hard.”

After this, he leapt out of the car and jogged a few steps toward the house, before Fenris stopped him. “Hawke. Suitcases,” he said, waving his hand at the trunk, which was still locked. Hawke fumbled with his keys for a moment, before hauling both his suitcase and Fenris’ out of the trunk, leaving Fenris to carry the half-eaten bag of snacks, both of their pillows, and the giant stuffed lizard Isabela had gotten Hawke as part of some kind of inside joke. “I can carry my own stuff,” he said, tucking the lizard under one arm.

“I got it, I got it,” Hawke said, practically *bouncing* as he approached the front walk. There was a well-tended pair of rosebushes framing the front porch, and three mosaic tiles with small versions of the Hawke children’s handprints lay beside the walkway.

Hawke aggressively pressed the doorbell about five times, until there was loud barking from inside and a female voice yelling, “HOLD ON!”

A dark-haired girl wearing an oversized sweater and leggings opened the door, one hand looped through the collar of an enormous, slightly chubby dog.

“Bethany!” Hawke cheered, stepping inside, and Fenris followed. Hawke set down the suitcases and picked up his sister, hugging her tightly. Porkchop jumped at them, trying to involve himself in the affection, and a woman who looked like an older version of Bethany joined them in the now-very-crowded foyer.

Once Hawke had hugged them both, petted Porkchop, and things calmed down, the attention turned to Fenris. He felt awkward for only a moment,

his nerves calmed by Hawke's arm around him. "Mom, Bethany, this is my boyfriend, Fenris."

Porkchop licked Fenris' hand, Bethany hugged him, Hawke's mother told him to call her Leandra, and he began feeling like it was okay for him to be here. Like he wasn't infringing on someone else's life.

They unpacked in Hawke's room, which looked sort of empty, considering how much stuff Hawke had in his dorm. There were glow-in the dark stars on the ceiling, which, Hawke said, he'd put up when he was ten. They still worked, and he proved it by shutting the lights off and on and off again, laughing at how much grumpier Fenris got each time.

Bethany walked in just as Hawke flopped onto his bed, deciding to leave his suitcase half-unpacked. "Mom sent me up to say she's making snacks," she said, "and ask if you wanted anything specific."

"I literally do not care, as long as it's not school food. I'm not going to be able to handle another year of school food," Hawke said.

"Maybe you should learn to cook," Fenris said, and he threw a pillow at Hawke.

"Oh, Maker, don't suggest that," Bethany groaned, "one time, he managed to set a cake on fire."

"I was in eighth grade!" Hawke protested.

Bethany shook her head. "Still counts. Anyway, Carver's back from football practice, if you wanted to say hello. I'd recommend waiting until after he gets out of the shower."

"Mmkay. We'll be down for snacks soon."

Fenris finished unpacking just as Bethany left the room. "Fen, you are the only person I know who doesn't live out of a suitcase for the majority of break," Hawke said. "Get over here."

Fenris sat next to Hawke, looking at the picture of him and Porkchop on the dresser. Hawke was much younger in it, beardless and lanky, looking exactly like the kind of guy Fenris would have awkwardly crushed on in high school. Hawke took his hand, kissed the inside of his wrist, just below the end of a line of white ink. Fenris smiled, and leaned down on his elbow to kiss his lips. Hawke wrapped an arm around Fenris, pulling him close so they were chest-to-chest, humming into his mouth. He slipped a hand under the hem of Fenris' shirt, thumb following the jut of his hipbone, and Fenris suddenly became very aware that this was Hawke's bed. This is where his mother had tucked him in at night, where Porkchop had slept as a puppy, and it was sweet to think of, but it made him a little uncomfortable when Hawke moaned and groped his ass. He was all about the ass-groping, just not when he was thinking about Hawke's childhood.

"Hawke," he said, with the tone that meant, "cut it out."

Hawke stopped, but kept one of his hands on Fenris' hip. "What's up?"

"It's just... weird. This being your childhood bedroom, and all."

"It's not like I have racecar sheets or something."

"You have glow-in-the-dark stars on your ceiling. And a picture of you in high school on your dresser. And a soccer trophy, and I *know* you only played soccer for one year when you were in fourth grade."

"So," Hawke said, dragging out the word, "I take it I'm not getting any over break?"

"Oh, you're definitely getting some," Fenris said, and Hawke tried his hardest to look casual, but Fenris knew glee when he saw it. Not to mention Hawke's fingers tapping excitedly on his thighs. "Just not when I can hear your brother getting out of the shower."

"That's fair," Hawke said, and he sat up and hugged Fenris. Hawke's hugs were potentially the most soothing thing Fenris had ever experienced. He was always so solid and warm, and he knew exactly the right amount of time to make it last. And he always smelled good. Fenris had told him as

much, once, when he was running on very little sleep and Hawke had used a new shampoo. Hawke kissed him one more time before they left, on the bridge of his nose, and then he thumped downstairs, taking the stairs two at a time, while Fenris trailed behind him, much more quietly.

They made their way to the basement carrying a plate with a somewhat precarious pile of pizza rolls on it, to find Carver already sitting on the couch, playing X-box in complete darkness (with the exception of the screen. Hawke flicked the lights on, and Carver turned to look at them. "Hey! I was doing something!" he protested, but Hawke set the enormous plate of pizza rolls down and tackled Carver. It was a remarkably similar gesture to how he greeted Varric, except that Varric didn't respond with quite as much ire. Or screeching.

Fenris sat on an old, overstuffed armchair, opening a soda with a crack that was lost among Hawke's happy greetings and Carver's disgruntled response.

Finally, Hawke sat back up, and Carver retrieved the controller from where he'd accidentally flung it. "Oh! Carver, this is Fenris. Fenris, Carver."

"I figured as much," Fenris said, reaching for the pizza rolls now that it was safe.

"Mom didn't tell me you were bringing a friend," Carver said, going back to his game. Hawke watched him play, giving the occasional (unhelpful) suggestion.

"You didn't ask," was Hawke's reply. "You should shoot that guy!"

"That's my teammate," Carver groaned, and continued with his much more reasonable strategy. Hawke eventually stopped giving suggestions, occupying his mouth with eating pizza rolls, and the pita bread with no less than five types of hummus that Leandra brought downstairs.

Fenris didn't know how, but between the three of them, all the food disappeared quickly enough. "Ugh, I need to get a shower tonight," Hawke said, stretching. He glanced at Fenris. "Want to join me?"

Carver snorted and almost spat out a mouthful of whatever energy drink he was consuming. “What the hell?”

“Someone kill you again?” Hawke asked, looking at the screen.

“No! I’m talking to you! You guys are gonna shower together? *Why?*”

Fenris just stared. Yes, Carver had missed the introductions, but he *was* sitting with his feet tucked under Hawke’s thigh, and he *had* told Hawke to stop eating the jalapeño hummus because no one would want to kiss him afterward. Now, he had this to determine: was Carver a homophobe or an idiot?

“Is it some kind of inside joke?” Carver continued. “‘Cause, I mean... that’s a really weird inside joke for two guys to have. No homo, but... seriously.”

“Don’t ‘no homo’ me, Carver Hawke, I’ll have you know, I am one-fourth homo.”

This was the man Fenris had chosen to love. He rolled his eyes. “Go shower by yourself, Hawke.”

Hawke made his way to the upstairs bathroom, which left Fenris with Carver. “Uh, so. Sorry about the showering comment,” he said. “It’s just. Well. With him gone for so long, I forget how weird he is.”

“Hawke is unusual at times, yes,” Fenris said, looking at his phone, not Carver. There was nothing very interesting, just a text from Merrill wishing him a nice break and another from Isabela that simply contained a wink emoji and two eggplants. Whatever that meant.

“I should expect this kind of thing,” Carver said. “He has weirder inside jokes with Isabela. Waaaay more sexual, too.”

“I’m aware.”

Carver was quickly becoming a mystery to Fenris. He had no answer to his previous question, and now he was left to wonder if Carver was truly

obnoxious, or if it was simply an occupational hazard of him being a high schooler.

In either case, Fenris excused himself to go upstairs and read.

He shucked off his jeans and laid on his stomach on Hawke's bed, the latest novel he'd been reading open in front of him. It was a recommendation of Varric's, and he was enjoying it so far, but he thought it should have had less of a forced romantic subplot. He could hear the shower from the next room over, and above the sound of the water, he could hear Hawke singing. The song was one of the last they'd listened to in the car before arriving at Hawke's house, but Hawke only knew part of the chorus, and he repeated it over and over, getting louder and more passionate as it went on.

Hawke didn't sing in the shower. He performed.

Soon, the singing slowed and the sound of the shower ceased. Fenris heard Hawke's electric trimmer buzzing as he rolled onto his back, holding his book in front of his face. He was sure that if Hawke could sing and trim his beard at the same time, he would. Someone walked upstairs and entered the room next door. Must have been Carver, he thought, considering Bethany and Leandra's bedrooms were downstairs.

Fenris had almost reached the end of the chapter when Hawke entered the bedroom, hair damp and dressed only in a towel. Fenris arched an eyebrow at him. "Strut around your house naked like that often, Hawke?" he asked.

Hawke snorted. "I forgot to bring fresh clothes with me, and I didn't want to put the ones I'd been wearing in the car all day back on, so..." He bent over his suitcase to pull out a T-shirt and some boxers, and Fenris had a momentary fantasy of reaching over and yanking the towel down. Hawke probably wouldn't mind, he'd just flirt. But before Fenris could find the motivation to sit up and do it, Hawke had already changed. He flopped onto the bed next to Fenris, laying one hand over Fenris' stomach and burying his face in the pillows.

"I'm sorry about Carver," he muttered. "He's an ass."



“Oh, he’s most definitely an ass,” Fenris said, still concentrating on his book. “But he’s your brother, so I’ll tolerate him. Besides, the rest of your family is lovely, so it stands to reason that one of you would be an ass. Just glad it’s not you.”

“I’m a bit of an ass.”

Fenris closed the book and smiled at him. “A bit.” Hawke wriggled closer to him and threw a leg over his, pushing his face into the space between Fenris’ shoulder and neck. He kissed Fenris through the fabric of his T-shirt. Fenris set the book to the side of the bed, rolling to face Hawke. He took Hawke’s face in his hands as he kissed him, then sat up to pull the blankets over them.

“Goodnight, Hawke,” he said, and Hawke responded by bumping their noses together. Fenris could smell his toothpaste from here.

“Night, Love.”

Hawke rolled so Fenris was spooning him, and Fenris put his hand over Hawke’s chest, just near his heart, Hawke’s head pillowed on his other arm. He breathed more evenly in the familiar position, steadily adjusting himself to the way Hawke’s legs twined with his, the damp of Hawke’s hair on his arm. Between midterms, his stupid-ass roommate (fucking Anders.) and Isabela wedging herself into their cuddle sessions and turning them into much more platonic ones, it had been a long time since he’d been close to Hawke like this. A long time since he’d had the warmth of Hawke’s chest against his back, since he’d matched his breathing to Hawke’s.

He trailed his hand down Hawke’s front, and slipped his fingers under his T-shirt. “Your hands’re cold,” Hawke mumbled, but he didn’t make an effort to move from Fenris’ touch. Fenris felt his muscles twitch when he ran his fingertips lightly up Hawke’s torso.

“Maybe you’re just warm,” Fenris replied, and he kissed the nape of Hawke’s neck. He could imagine the grin on Hawke’s face as Hawke shifted his hips back to grind his ass against Fenris’ crotch. “Hawke,” Fenris hissed.

“What’s that?” he asked, the picture of innocence, even as he rolled over so he could give Fenris a long, open-mouthed kiss. The way his mouth moved against Fenris’ was anything but innocent, practiced and sensual, and Fenris had been wanting to kiss him this way ever since they were necking at red lights. Hawke took his mouth off Fenris’ neck, tracing the lines of his tattoos and worrying a spot just under his jaw.

“Don’t leave marks there, Hawke, I don’t want your mom seeing,” he said.

Hawke obeyed, and left a mark on his chest instead. Fenris ran his fingers through Hawke’s hair, pressing at that spot at the base of his neck that could turn him into mush if you massaged there long enough. A little bit of pressure just had him giggling and then rolling his hips against Fenris’ with a soft sigh.

“What’s that?” Fenris asked, reaching down to grope him through his boxers.

“My dick, I’d hope you know that by now,” Hawke quipped, and Fenris rolled his eyes at his boyfriend for the second time that night. He moved his hand to grab Hawke’s ass and nudged them together at an angle that made him growl deep in his throat and desperately want to kiss Hawke again, except that Hawke was nipping at his ear. Hawke hooked his thumbs in the waistband of Fenris’ boxers, and muttered a soft, “we’re getting naked, right?” When his response was another roll of Fenris’ hips, he took them off. They separated for a moment to take their shirts off without elbowing each other in the face (never again), and once Hawke was fully naked, Fenris straddled him and kissed him in a way that reminded him of their first—hot, passionate, almost angry, but giving way to soft nips and shared breath.

Hawke stroked Fenris, and he moaned, and it was almost loud before Hawke pressed his lips over Fenris’ and swallowed his moan. “Do you *want* Carver to hear you?” he asked.

“Maker, no.” Fenris trailed kisses over Hawke’s collarbone, before sitting back and looking at the two of them. He liked the combination their bodies made, liked how Hawke’s skin looked against his. He especially liked the

way Hawke looked at him, like he was something rare, beautiful, and worthy of all the ardor he could give.

“Fenris,” Hawke said quietly, and Fenris leaned over him, propped up on his elbows again. “Where are the condoms?”

“Not what I thought you were going to say,” Fenris said, with a huff of a laugh.

“Huh? Oh. Oh! I love you, Fenris, my darling, you’re my everything, and you’re just so. Fucking. Gorgeous.” He punctuated the last three words with kisses on Fenris’ shoulder and neck. “But also. Where are the condoms?”

“I don’t know, Hawke, you brought them. In your suitcase, probably.”

Hawke sat up. “I didn’t bring them, I thought you did.”

Fenris shook his head. “No, I was bringing the lube, you brought condoms.” This was getting less sexy by the minute. Fenris crossed the room to his suitcase, digging the bottle of lube out of a side pocket. “See? Told you.”

“Well. I brought lube too. I don’t exactly think we need this much, I mean, my dick isn’t *that* big.”

“Hawke,” Fenris said, holding up one hand. "This is you." He held up the other, a distance away. “This is the point. Are we doing this or not?”

Hawke stood, and yanked his boxers back on. Fenris guessed that was a ‘not,’ then. Until Hawke made his way to the door and said, “I’ll just see if Carver has any in the bathroom.”

Well. Fenris supposed he and Hawke had done stranger things. He grabbed a bottle of lube (in the singular) and stretched out on the bed, pushing one arm beneath the pillow and burying his face in it. At this point, he wasn’t sure whether the mood was still right, and he pulled the blankets up almost to his shoulders. He’d never been good at telling if the mood was right, and Hawke... the mood was always right, if you were Hawke. The buzz of

arousal was dissipating into antsiness. He watched the glow in the dark stars on the ceiling until the door opened again.

“Not kidding, Carver hides his condoms in the back of the exact same drawer I used to hide mine in. It’s like, sacred, or something,” Hawke said as he entered, triumphantly twirling a foil packet between his fingers.

“Ugh. That’s one Hawke family tradition I didn’t need to hear about,” Fenris said, reaching for Hawke as he got under the blankets. Hawke covered Fenris’ body with his, kissing him with renewed vigor. Fenris felt Hawke sigh, the breath rushing out of his nose, as his eyes shuttered closed and he buried both hands in Fenris’ hair. Fenris felt Hawke, still hard, pressing against the hollow of his hip, just above his thigh. “It’s kind of ridiculous how you’re still...”

“It’s kind of ridiculous how you’re so gorgeous.”

“Your seduction could use some work,” Fenris said, but the insult was toothless, and he tipped his head back when Hawke tugged on his hair. “Ah...”

They continued like this, Hawke over Fenris, kissing him and whispering his name in his ear in a way that sounded like “I love you.” Hawke’s beard rasped against his ear, Hawke’s chest pressed tight to his, and Hawke’s fingers threaded through his own. He was warm, solid, *there*, and it felt as right as it always had.

Hawke muttered soft words of encouragement, a constant stream of, “yes, Fenris, *damn*, you’re so...” and Fenris felt comfortable with Hawke pressing into him in a way he’d never felt with anyone else. Hawke’s hips stuttered and Fenris let out a breathless gasp, and it was so good, he arched up under Hawke and dug his fingertips into Hawke’s back. Were his nails longer, they would have left scores down Hawke’s back.

“Fuck. It’s a good thing your dick is the same size as Carver’s,” he said, without thinking.

Hawke stopped, looked at Fenris with a mix of wildness and curiosity on his face, and laughed once, shakily, before bursting into uncontrollable cackling.

“Hawke,” Fenris said, but he continued to laugh, dropping his head onto Fenris’ chest and shaking with mirth. “Hawke!” He was being far too loud. Hawke’s laughter took up rooms far larger than this one, and as much as Fenris loved to hear him laugh, he was going to wake someone up.

There was a knock at their door, but Hawke didn’t bother to answer it, instead burying his head in Fenris’ shoulder and saying, “Ohhh, Maker, Fenris,” around a few remaining sniggers.

“What. I didn’t mean it like that.”

Hawke’s laughter renewed. “Like what!? How did you expect me to take *that*?”

He was about to reply, but the door opened.

It was Carver.

Of course it was Carver.

He looked half-asleep when he said, “You two are so fuckin’ loud, Maker, Hawke, I don’t know what’s so funny but it can’t be *that*—holy shit.” Carver was staring now, looking at them. “The shit are you two sleeping in the same bed for?”

Fenris groaned, throwing an arm over his eyes, so he didn’t have to watch this situation unfold. Carver Hawke, confirmed idiot, continued. “And why are you *naked*, it’s not even that warm in the house!”

Fenris briefly considered throwing something heavy. There was nothing nearby to throw, though, except the lube, which would be wholly unsatisfying. Not even Varric would believe this had happened. Hawke was literally still inside him.

“Carver, just go,” Hawke said, sounding pissed-off at his brother for the first time that night.

“Seriously, dude, why are you naked?”

Fenris threw the bottle of lube, which connected with the wall in a not-very-satisfying thunk. “Because that’s how we have sex, you neanderthal.”

Carver had the sense to go bright red and leave.

The mood officially ruined, Hawke flopped onto the bed next to Fenris, petting his side and kissing him on the cheek in some form of apology that didn’t need to come from him. “Well...” he began. “...it could have been my mom?”

Fenris sighed. “You’re right. It could have been worse.” And for a bittersweet moment, he thanked the Maker they wouldn’t have to go through the same thing with Fenris’ family.